

TINE & CO.,

CHINESE, TURKISH AND INDIA GOODS,
79 BROADWAY.
PETS AND RUGS.
day, June 5th, in the following :

\$2.50 \$8.00

200 Antique and Modern Shervan
Rugs, \$7.50

200 Antique and Modern Shervan
Rugs,
At \$7.⁵⁰ each.

500 Antique and Modern Rugs,
Shiraz, Carabagh, Kazuk and
Shervan,
At \$12.⁰⁰ to 20.⁰⁰ each.

FOR SHIPMENTS OF
Rugs, Ferehan, Savalan, Ispahan,
andahar Carpets.
and color of any Oriental Carpet or Rug

"notes, diagrams and a special table of measurements and instructions for using the patent German rack, etc." Does not that sound wildly interesting? That would have been on the drawing-room table in every castle. It would have been a splendid book for hawkers. Gerano made me think of it."

"Adele laughed in a rather forced way, and her eyes moved uneasily, glancing quickly in one direction and then another."

"You would have been a dreadful person at those times, I am quite sure," she said. "You would have been a monster—horribly, horribly cruel."

"Of course I should. So should we all. But we manage those little things so easily now, and so much more tastefully."

"And," she said, Adele, who saw her chance and an opportunity of turning the conversation at the same time. "I would like your views upon modern social warfare. If you wished to ruin your country, how would you do it?"

"By ruin of a woman?" asked Giseleri, calmly.

"Oh, both. A man first. It is always harder to injure a man than a woman, is it not?"

"Exactly. Do you wish to kill the man or to ruin him altogether, or only to injure him in the eyes of the world?"

"Take the three in the other order," suggested Adele. "A mere injury first—and the rest afterward."

"Very well. I have something very neat in the billing line—to use the shopkeepers' phrase—of course. You wish to do a man a great injury—enough, say, to make a woman who loves him turn upon him. Is that it?"

"Yes, that would do very well," she said, as though she were discussing the fashion of a new frock.

"If you happen to be a good hand at forgery," answered Giseleri, with perfect civility, "write a letter to let him know that you are in love with another woman. Put anything you like into them, take them to the woman who loves him, and ask for a large sum for them."

"That will do," she said. "I will accomplish your object and earn money at the same time. If you cannot force his handwriting, force that of an imaginative friend."

notes, diagrams and a special table of measurements and instructions for using the patent German rack, etc." Does not that sound wonderfully interesting? That would have been a most attractive volume to have in every library. It would have been a splendid book for hawkers. Gerano made me think of it."

Adele laughed in a rather forced way, and her eyes moved uneasily, glancing quickly in one direction and then in another.

"You would have been a dreadful person in those times. I am quite sure," she said. "You would have been a monster."

"No, I should," she said. "So should we all. But we manage those little things so easily now, and so much more tastefully."

"I am sure," Adele, who saw her chance and an opportunity of turning the conversation at the same time. "I would like your views upon modern social warfare. If you wished to ruin your enemy, how would you do it?"

"Oh, how to ruin a man?" asked Chelera, calmly.

"To ruin a man that is a woman, is it not?"

"Oh, both. A man first. It is always harder to ruin a man than a woman, is it not?"

"Yes, that is true. Do you wish to kill the man or to ruin him altogether, or only to injure him in the eyes of the world?"

"Take the three in the other order," suggested Adele. "A mere injury first and then the rest afterward."

"Very well. I have something very neat in the killing line—to use the shopkeeper style, I will keep it to myself. It is a drawing-room trick, and it does not do great injury—indeed, it will make a woman who loves him turn upon him. Is that it?"

"Yes, that would do very well," said Adele, although she was discussing the question of a new frock.

"If you happen to be a good hand at forgery," answered Chelera, with perfect composure, "then you can do a great deal of mischief. You can ruin any woman. But anything you like; just then, take them to the woman who loves him, and ask for a large sum for them. She will probably pay, and then you will have secured the money, and you can earn money at the same time. If you cannot forge his handwriting, force that of an imaginary woman—that is easy enough—and follow her to the end of the earth. There she will be ruined."

"What a surpassingly diabolical scheme!" exclaimed Adele, with a laugh.

"Yes, I flatter myself it is not bad. Of course you must be a good hand at forgery, but if only you are sure of the forgery being good, or of an imaginary woman being forthcoming at the right moment. But, on the whole, the three ways of ruining a man, which I have just mentioned, are the best. No reputation can stand poverty and slander at the same time."

"But it is not always easy to steal a man's name," objected Adele.

"Oh, yes, unless a man is very rich. Being a suitor against his title, and if he fails to get the title, he will cut up as a common adventurer. He will then get up a new title, and you can get a part and say that you give up the suit out of pity for him. That is very pretty, too. But the prettiest of all is the new way of killing people, because nobody can possibly find you out."

"When do you make them die of?" asked Adele, nervously.

"Cholera—typhus-fever, almost anything you like. Cholera is a convenient way because the epidemic of the day is generally the most ready to take. What did you say?"

"That it is delightful, and I thought you spoke of it is almost sure to succeed. I dined with Gougeon last night, and Professor Weisserschneider, the great French physician, was there. He said—French like a human being, and understands Italian well. I liked him very much. The conversation was all about horrors, being very kind and very polite, and very gentle and gentlest and kindest of men. The professor told a long story of a doctor who murdered his father, mother and aunt of a girl whom none of the three would be able to marry. He did it in the most poisonous treatment with three different vegetable poisons—masterly, the professor said. There was an inquiry and a thing, but no one could catch him. He was a very clever man, and he could only prove anything and the doctor married the girl after all."

"You seem full of horrors this evening," said Adele, shaking one shoulder in a restless, jerking way which was becoming a habit.

"I always am," answered Chelera, turning his cold blue eyes on her. "I know of some horrible things and am always just on the point of saying them."

"Please do not!" exclaimed Adele, shrinking away from him in a manner which she felt, almost in spite of herself, was very new.

"I was telling you about the cholera trick," said Adele, who was looking at him with a new interest. "I was going to tell you. The other story was a new one."

[illegible]